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# LIFE *and* LITERATURE READERS

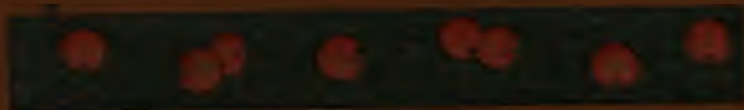
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## FIRST READER





EDUCATION DEPT.

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# LIFE AND LITERATURE READERS

FIRST READER



ADVISORY EDITOR

CHARLES E. LITTLE

OF PEABODY COLLEGE

ILLUSTRATED BY

ELSINORE ROBINSON CROWELL

DOUB & COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO

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EDUCATION DEPT.

## PREFACE

It is quite important that children during their first year in school secure the power to read with ease and with expression any selection containing any words found in a vocabulary consisting of not less than four hundred words. The extent to which children secure the power to do this depends on the ability of the teacher and the methods and material in the textbook.

The three essentials of a good primer and first reader are the following: (a) The words selected should be those that are best suited for the preparation of a subject-matter that is varied and interesting and easily within reach of the average child's understanding and experience. (b) While the subject-matter should be interesting, it



must be specially prepared for the specific purpose of giving the pupil as soon as possible a mastery over the words selected.

(c) The primer and first reader should lend themselves to a method that the average teacher can use with success. The introduction and arrangement of new words and material should be such that the teacher may employ either the word method, the sentence method, or the phonic method.

At the top of the pages of this primer and first reader is a list of carefully selected words, constituting a simple but effective vocabulary. At the bottom of these pages is a very simple but complete system of phonics. The subject-matter of these books provides specifically for the use of the three standard methods of teaching reading, either separately or in combination.

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# THE NEW DAY



Good morning. Good morning.

How do you do,



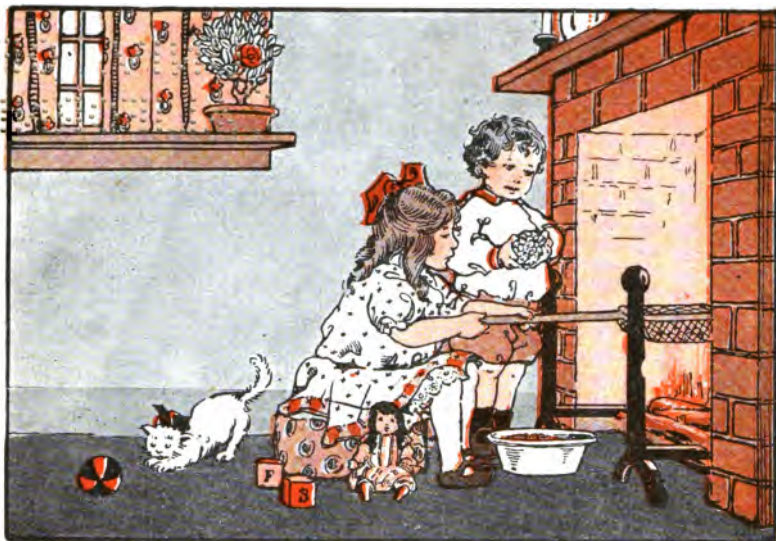
little girls?

How do you do,



little boys?





**vacation                  danced                  again**

**fairies                  around**

Vacation is over. We are in school again.

We have had a happy time.

What did you do in vacation, Nell?

I made pop corn balls for a Christmas tree.

What did you do in vacation, Fred?

I went to see Nell's Christmas tree.

We danced and played around the tree.

The fairies danced and played around it, too.



But we did not see the pretty fairies.  
They came with good old Santa Claus.



## TOM'S PETS

tricks

rooster

fence

first

shoe



This is Tom. Do you see his pets? -  
 He has many pets. They all like him.  
 First there is his dog, Rover.  
 Rover can do many tricks.  
 When he talks he says, "Bow-wow!"  
 When he runs for a squirrel he says,  
 "Ou, ou, ou, ou!"

Then there is Tom's little white kitty

She says, "Meow, meow, meow!"

When she does not like Rover she says, "Fff."

Tom says: "Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!"

I like you. Will you have some milk?"

Tom has a big red rooster.

He stands on the fence and calls, "Ooo u  
oo uoooo."

Tom calls back to him, "Oo u oo u ooo.

My dame has lost her shoe!"

Tom has two little white doves.

He made a house for them in the tree.

They are dear little birds.

They say, "I love you o ooo oo oooo."

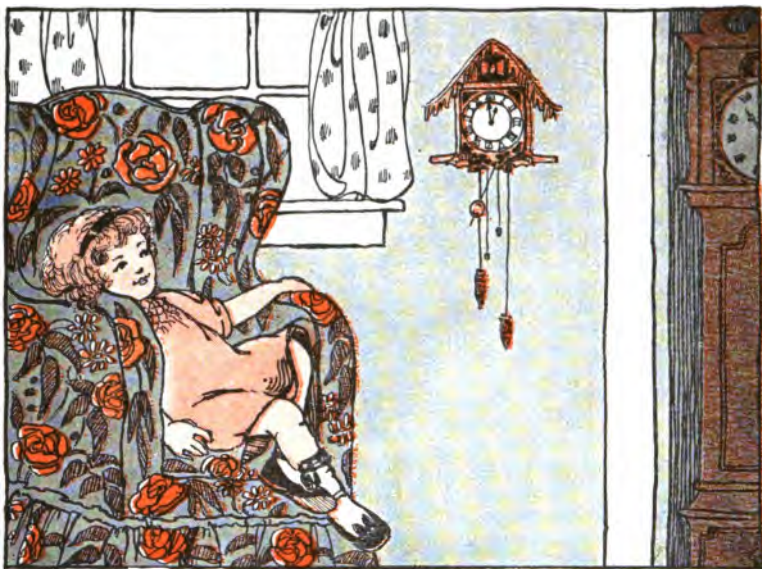
Tom likes all his pets and they like him.

They like to play with him.

How many pets have you? Do you like them?

st	stop	stick	stay	stand
ad	bad	had	sad	lad





## THE CLOCK

swing      very      just      ago      cuckoo

Hear the old, old Grandpa Clock  
Sing and swing a big tick tock.  
In the hall the good clock stands,  
Holding up its dear old hands,  
Saying, "Yes," and saying, "No,"  
As it did long, long ago.

Grandpa loved the dear old clock.

Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

And I love you best of all

As you stand there in the hall.

How I love to hear you sing,

“Ding, ding, ding, ding!

Tick, tock! Tick, tock!”

How I love the Grandpa Clock.

Pretty little Cuckoo Clock,

Can you tell the time of day?

You are not so very tall,

But I hear just what you say.

Coo coo! Coo coo!

How I love your sweet coo coo!

Let us play that we are clocks.

I will be a Grandpa Clock.

Who will be a Cuckoo Clock?

cl      clock      clay      cling      clad

tr      tree      tray      trick      truck

## THE GUESSING GAME

guess      pocket      knife      home

John, guess what grandpa gave me for  
Christmas. It is just what I wanted.  
It is just what all boys like.  
And you have one now, John.

Is it a top, Tom?

No, John, it is not a top.

Well then, is it a book?

No, no. It is not a book.

Grandpa gave me two books  
for Christmas last year.

Is it a ball?

No, no. I have a ball.

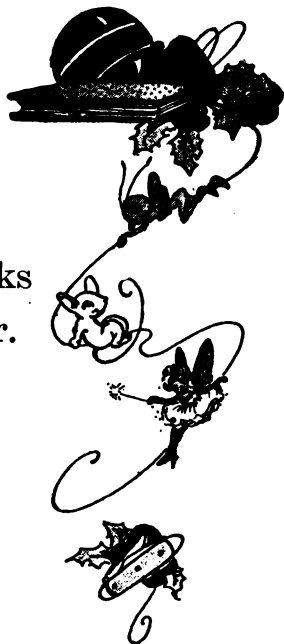
It is not a ball.

I can't guess it, Tom.

Will you tell me?

Well, I keep it in my pocket.

Can't you guess now?



I know, I know. It must be a knife.  
Is that what it is, Tom?

Yes, that is it. It is a pocket knife.  
Here it is. How do you like it?  
Oh, I think it is fine! Isn't it a big  
one!

Now, Tom, guess what I have at home.  
It has feet, but it can not run.

It has eyes, but it can not see.  
It has ears, but it can not hear.

Well, John, what do you do with it?  
Oh, I get on its back and take a ride.

Oh, I know what it is! It is a big  
rocking-horse. It must be that.

Yes, that is it. Come to see me and  
I will give you a ride.

ap	cap	map	trap	lap
ear	dear	year	near	tear



## THE MOUSE-TRAP

mice                  mouse                  barn

I am a good mother mouse.  
Can you see my baby mice?  
One, two, three, four, five.  
Five baby mice. I love all  
my little babies.

Do not cry, my little dears.  
Kitty may hear you.  
Sh, sh! Do not cry.  
Be good little mice.  
Mother will tell you a story.  
The story is about a trap.  
It is a bad, bad trap.

The trap is to catch little mice.

The trap is to catch you.

What! Will the trap catch me?

Yes. It is a bad, bad trap.

Do not go near it, little dears.

Stay in the old barn.

Mother loves her baby mice.

Stay in the pretty nest.

Do not peep out.

Kitty may see you. And if she  
does, she may catch you.

When you are older you may  
run and play.

cr	cry	crack	crust	creep
ice	mice	rice	dice	nice



## A DRAWING LESSON

green

leaf

grape

This is a flower and it is yellow.

This is a chick and it is yellow.

This is a jumping-jack and it is  
yellow.

I have a yellow flower, a yellow  
chick and a yellow jumping-jack.

This is a box and it is blue.

This is a top and it is blue.

This is a ball and it is blue.

I have a blue box, a blue top  
and a blue ball.

This is a grape and it is green.

This is a leaf and it is green.

This is an apple and it is green.

I have a green grape, a green  
leaf and a green apple.

Guess what I have in my hand.

Is it a blue box?

No. It is not a blue box.

Is it a green apple?

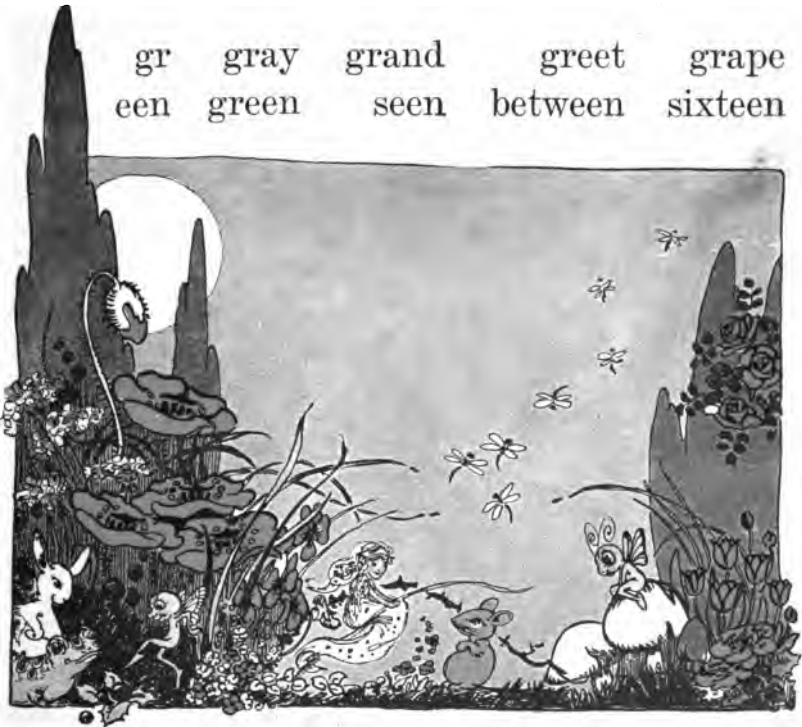
No. It is not a green apple.

Who can guess what I have?

Is it a yellow flower?

Yes, yes. It is a yellow flower.

gr    gray    grand    greet    grape  
een    green    seen    between    sixteen





## THE HAY-RIDE

drives      whoa      high      leaves

It is May! It is May!  
And the men make hay!  
Let us run! Let us play!  
Let us ride on the hay!

Here we are.

We are on the  
big wagon.



Papa drives the horses.

We sit on top of the hay like  
birds in a nest.

Up so high! Up so high!  
We can reach the blue, blue sky.  
Now we go under the trees.  
I can reach the green leaves.

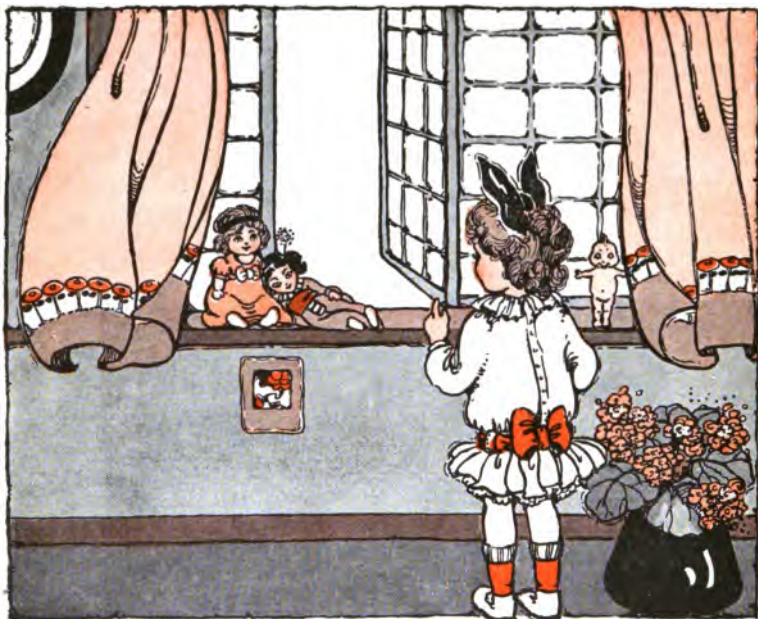
Here we come to the barn.  
Father says, "Whoa, whoa!"  
The good horses stand still.

Father says, "Come, little birds.  
Hop down to me."

Then we hop down to father.

It is May! It is May!  
And the men make hay!  
Let us run! Let us play!  
Let us ride on the hay!

dr	dray	drip	drop	drive
each	reach	teach	peach	beach



## PLAYING SCHOOL

seat

puppies

Can you see Grace and her dolls?

Grace likes to play school.

She puts the dolls on a big seat.

She plays they are little girls in school.

She plays she is the teacher.

She says, "Little girls, sit very still."

And all the dolls sit very, very still.

They do not talk or play in school.

Then Grace says, "Look at me, little girls."

The dolls all look at Grace.

She says, "You are good little girls.

I will tell you a story."

Then Grace tells the dolls a story.

She tells them about a Christmas tree.

Then she tells them about Santa Claus.

Tom says, "I can play school, too.

Come Rover, come Jack, come Ring.

Get on this big box.

Sit up, Rover. Sit up, Jack.

You must be good little puppies.

Sit still, now. One, two, three, four, five.

Sit very still and be good little puppies.

Rover, you must not jump at kitty again."

But the puppies do not sit still.

They like to run and jump and play.



Tom says: "Rover, you are  
a bad dog in school.

You can't sit still, can you?

Playing school is not for boys and dogs.

Playing school is for girls and dolls.

Come Rover, come Jack, come Ring.

We will run down to the barn and play."

st      cl      tr      cr      gr      dr

eat      seat      beat      heat      treat

## A LISTENING LESSON

listen      wind      clouds      rain

Listen, mother, listen. I hear something  
in the trees. What can it be?

That is the wind, my little boy.

That is the good old wind.

He likes to blow. He blows the rain.

He blows the clouds about the sky.

He blows the flowers. He blows the trees.

He can blow the birds about the sky.

He blows and blows and blows and blows.

What does the wind say, mother?

The wind says, "Wooooooo. Wooooooo.

I like to blow. Wooooooo. Wooooooo."

See the clouds, my little boy.

Some clouds are red and some are white.

These are dark. They are rain clouds.

How cold it is. Wooooooo. Wooooooo.

ust      just      must      dust      trust

ark      dark      lark      hark      park



window                      something

Listen, mother. Listen, listen.  
I hear something on the window.  
It says, "Patter, patter, patter."  
Then it says, "Tap, tap, tap."  
What is it, mother?  
That is the rain, my little boy.  
That is the good old rain.



How does the rain come down, mother?  
It falls down from the sky.

Does it come from the pretty clouds?  
Yes, it comes from the clouds.  
But today the clouds are not pretty.  
They are dark.

Tap, tap, tap, the rain comes down.  
Patter, patter, on the town.

*(Memorize)*

A million little diamonds  
Twinkled on the trees;  
And all the little maidens said,  
“A jewel, if you please!”  
So while they held their hands  
outstretched  
To catch the diamonds gay,  
A million little sunbeams came  
And stole them all away.

—*M. T. Butts*

atter    patter    fatter    matter    batter  
own    down    town    gown





## A BALL GAME

began

before

field

These boys have been in school.

But now they are out for fun.

They are going to play ball.

John said, "Who has a ball?"

"I have, I have," said Will.

John said, "Where is the bat?"

"I know, I know," said Tom.

Then Tom ran to get the bat. It was in  
the school house.

“Let me catch,” said little Ned to John.

“No, no, Ned. You are too little to catch.  
You can field,” said John.

“I do not like to field,” said little Ned.

Then he began to pout and cry.

“I want to catch. I want to catch,” he said.

“Oh, come, come,” said John. “Don’t be  
a cry baby, Ned. Get out and field.  
All boys must do that before they can play  
in a big game.”

So little Ned played in the field. He ran  
for the balls. He did his best.

The big boys liked Ned for that.

Some day he will play in the big game.

sc	scan	scat	scold	scout
out	pout	trout	stout	about
atch	catch	latch	hatch	patch



## DRIVING THE GOAT

Dick            cart            draw

Father gave me this goat for  
Christmas. I call him Dick.  
Isn't he a big fellow? I like  
my goat, and he likes me.

Do you see my yellow cart?  
I call it my "Yellow Spinner."  
Dick can draw the cart.

Come, May. Come, John.

I will give you a ride.

Get in. Get in.

Isn't this fun?

Get up, Dick. Get up.

Away we go. Away we go.

Oh! Oh! Dick! Dick!

Do not go so fast.

You will spill us out.

Whoa, Dick! Whoa! I say.

Keep your seat, May.

Do not cry, little girl.

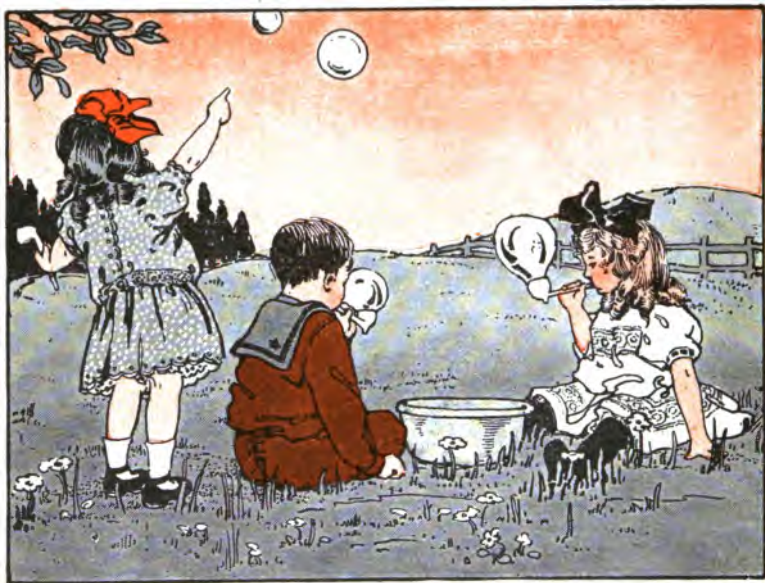
Dick will not run away.

I am a big boy.

I can hold my goat.

See how well I can drive.

fl	flat	flop	flit	fling
oat	goat	coat	float	boat
spinner	dinner	winner	sinner	



## BLOWING BUBBLES

bubbles break soap pipe Alice

“Guess what I have in my hand,” said May.

“I think it is an apple,” said John.

“I think it is a book,” said Alice.

“No, no!” said May. “It is not a book.

And it is not an apple.

If you can not guess what it is, I will tell  
you. It is a pipe. A new pipe.”

“A pipe! Oh, May, it can not be a pipe.”

“Yes it is, and I am going to blow bubbles.

Will you come with me? It will be fun.”

“This is the pan and this is the water.

Put some water in the pan, John.

Now put the soap in the water.

See how funny the water looks now.

See the little white bubbles in it.

They float around like little white boats.”

“Look, look,” said Alice. “See my bubble.

It floats away and away in the blue sky.”

“My bubble is red and green and yellow,”

said May. “See. It does not break.”

“Look, May, look at John’s bubble.

How big it is. Will it break before it

floats away? There it goes.

It looks like a big white ball in the sky.”

th      thin      think      thick      thank

ink      pink      sink      think      drink



## THE BUTTERFLIES' PARTY

butterflies                      blossoms                      party

The butterflies had a party.

The party was out under the  
apple tree.

I know for I was there.

I saw the pretty butterflies at  
the party.

They liked the pink blossoms.

One butterfly was yellow.

One butterfly was blue.

One butterfly was white.

clapped

lasted

The big, big butterfly was yellow and brown.  
 I liked the big one best. He was so pretty.  
 The party lasted all the morning.

I called to mother, "Come, come!  
 See all the pretty butterflies."

Mother said: "What a pretty party.  
 Some day my little girl may have a party,  
 too. She is such a good child."

I clapped my hands and said, "Let us have  
 it under the apple tree.

Then the butterflies may come to it."

One little, two little, three  
 little butterflies,

Four little, five little, six  
 little butterflies,

Seven little, eight little, nine  
 little butterflies,

Ten little butterflies gay.

art      part      start      tart      party



## THE PLAY BASKET

basket    woman    market    off    laid

See the pretty little basket.

What can I do with a basket?

I know. I can fill this

basket with flowers.



Then I can play that I am a little flower  
girl going to market.

See my flowers. Oh see my pretty flowers.

Will you buy my flowers?

Some are red, some are blue, some are  
white and some are yellow.

Now I will take the flowers out of my basket.

I can fill the same basket with eggs.

Now, I can play that I am an old woman  
going to market.

Who will buy my eggs?

A fat hen laid these eggs.

Will you buy my eggs?

I will take all the eggs out of my basket.  
 But what shall I put in my basket now?  
 Oh, I know. I will put in all these ears of  
 corn. How pretty they are.

Some are red and some are white.

Now I will play I am a farmer.

I will go and feed my little pig.

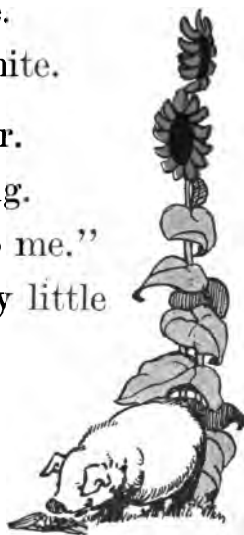
“Piggy, piggy, piggy. Come to me.”

Oh, see him run to me. See my little  
 fat pig run.

He likes to eat my good corn.

And I like to feed my pig.

I am a good farmer.



Now I am just mamma's little girl again.

I take my basket and flowers in one hand.

Then I take my books in the other.

I am off to school. Good-by, mother dear.

Your little play girl is gone. Good-by.

ig	pig	wig	jig	rig
	could	would	should	

## THE PICNIC

picnic                  stockings                  were  
   grass                  their

Come girls. Come boys.  
Let us go on a picnic.  
May we all go today?  
Yes. You may all go.



How glad we were to go.  
We walked in the green grass.  
The boys took off their shoes and stockings.  
It was fun for them to wade in the water.

lunch                  bread                  butter

The girls picked the pretty flowers.

What flowers do you think they found?

“Oh, look,” said John. “See the rabbit!”

But the rabbit saw Rover and ran away.

“Look,” said May. “Look up in that tree.

Keep still. See the two little squirrels.

They are as happy as squirrels can be.

Little squirrels, where is your house?

And tell us where you put all your nuts.”

See this big tree. See how tall it is.

We will have our lunch here in the shade.

Mother put up this lunch for us.

She knows what we like best for lunch.

Here is bread and butter and honey.

And here is milk for us to drink.

Here are apples and cakes and nuts.

We must thank mother again for giving  
us this good, good lunch.

ade      made      wade      shade      trade

Who will crack some of these nuts for us?  
We will give some of them to the squirrels.  
Come, little squirrels, and eat some nuts.  
We will give some of the cake to the birds.  
Come, little birds, and eat some cake.  
We will give some of the bread to Rover.  
Here, Rover, come and have some bread.

Isn't this a happy picnic?

Yes, yes, it is a happy picnic.

Now, who will tell a story?

fr frill fray fret Fred



## MORE GUESSING GAMES

watch

never

yet

This is John's story:

*John:* What is it that runs but does not walk? It has hands but it does not talk. Who can tell me what it is?

*Children:* Oh, dear! We can never guess. You must tell us, John.

*John:* No, I will not tell you yet. You must try to guess. All the girls and boys must try.

*Children:* Well, then, can it be a sled? My sled runs but it does not walk.

*John:* No, no. It is not a sled.

*Children:* Do tell us, John.

*John:* Now, try. My father keeps it in his pocket.

*Children:* I know, I know. It is a watch.

*John:* Yes, it is a watch.

This is Grace's story:

*Grace:* I am a little flower. I am yellow. All the boys and girls like me. I say to the boys and girls, "Do you like butter?"

*Children:* I know what you are, Grace. You are a buttercup.

*Grace:* You guessed it the very first time. I am a buttercup.

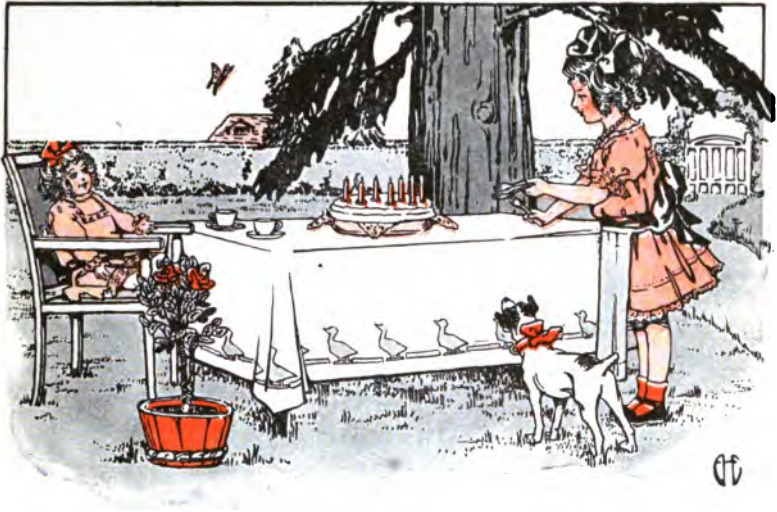
*(Memorize)*

Two little hands so soft and white,  
This is the left—this is the right.

Five little fingers stand on each  
So I can hold a plum or a peach.

But if I should grow as old as you,  
Many little things these hands can do.

sl	sled	slap	slip	sling
alk	walk	talk	chalk	stalk



## MY PARTY

cups    saucers    forks    plates    because

A birthday party all for me!  
 You see, I am seven years old.  
 This is my cake. How big it is!  
 Mother put seven candles on it.  
 I must set the little table now.  
 I must put on seven plates.  
 Seven cups and seven saucers.  
 Seven knives and seven forks.  
 All because I am seven years old.



Oh! Oh! Oh! See the pretty bee.

He has come to my party.

And look, look! See the pretty  
yellow butterfly.

He has come to my party, too.

This is my birthday doll.

Mother gave her to me this  
morning. Isn't she pretty?

I do love a little doll.

See her pretty blue eyes.

And see her brown hair.

It is just like my hair.

Let me tell you something.

It was my hair.

Mother says she gave it to my  
baby doll.

What do you think of that!

pl	play	plate	plow	plan
up	cup	sup	pup	puppies
air	hair	chair	fair	fairy



I hear the children coming.  
They are coming to my party.  
I must go to meet them.

The children gave a party  
Under the apple tree.  
First there came a butterfly  
Then there came a bee.

And all the happy children  
Under the apple tree,  
Played the long bright afternoon  
With dolly and with me.

## PLAYING GAMES

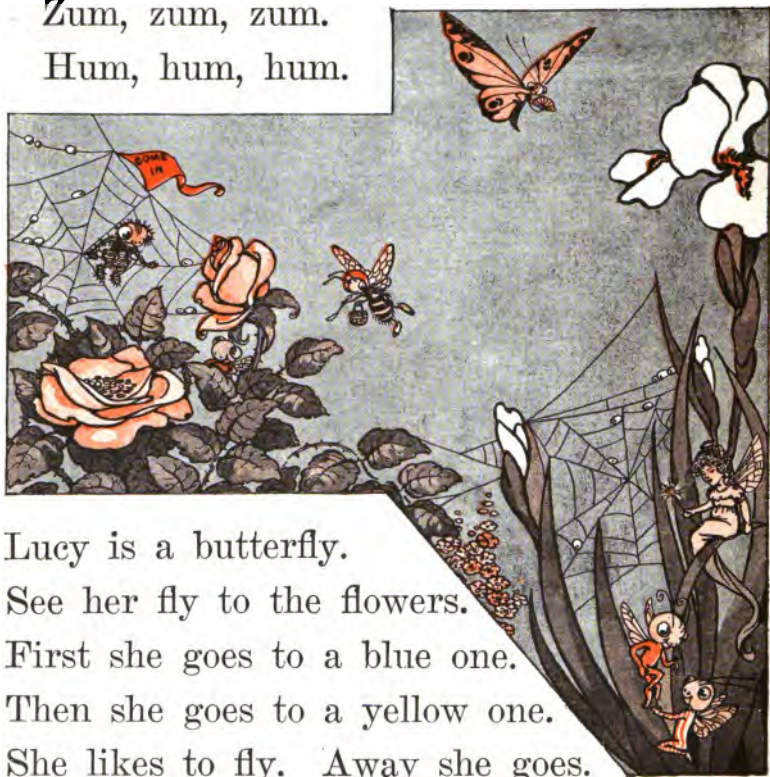
flies

May is a pretty bee. See her fly from  
flower to flower.

She is getting honey. She likes honey.  
She is going to the red flowers today.

Zum, zum, zum.

Hum, hum, hum.



Lucy is a butterfly.  
See her fly to the flowers.  
First she goes to a blue one.  
Then she goes to a yellow one.  
She likes to fly. Away she goes.

Alice is a pretty bird.  
See her fly to the tree.  
First she goes for a bit of hay.  
Then she goes for some hair.  
See her make her nest.  
Now she flies away.  
I can hear her sing.  
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.

ir    irst    ird    irk    irp



## ACTION LESSON

once      chairs      brought      teapot

Once we had a party at school. I brought  
a box for a table.

We all brought our little chairs.

May brought all her pretty little dishes.

Why, the chairs and dishes and table are  
here now. Shall we have another party?

Yes! Yes! It will be such fun.

Look, look! Our books tell just what to do.

Put the cups on the table.

Put the saucers under them.

Put the plates on the table.

Put a flower by each plate.

Put the forks on the table.

Put the knives on the table.

Get a teapot of water and fill  
the cups.

Ring the bell.

Now sit in your chairs and  
drink a cup of tea.



Get up and put away  
the chairs.

Put away the knives  
and forks.

Now put away the cups  
and saucers.

Put away the plates.

Put away the teapot.

Put away the flowers.

Put away the box.

ox	box	fox	nox
end	lend	send	bend



## BUFF'S NEST

asked son Buff corn-field

John had a pet hen. Her name was Buff.  
Buff had a pretty nest somewhere.



One day John said  
to May: "Come, May.  
Help me find Buff's  
nest. I can not find it."

Then John went to the barn. He looked  
in the hay. He looked and looked.

But he could not find Buff's nest.

May went to the garden. She looked in  
the grass and flowers.

But she could not find Buff's nest.

Then mother came out.

"What are you looking for, my little son?"  
asked his mother.

"I am looking for Buff's nest," said John.

"Look in the weeds," said mother.

"Look in the weeds back of the barn.

I will go with you. Yes, you may come,  
May, and help us find Buff's nest."

Then they all went to look in the weeds.

Mother looked and John looked and May  
looked.

But they could not find Buff's nest.

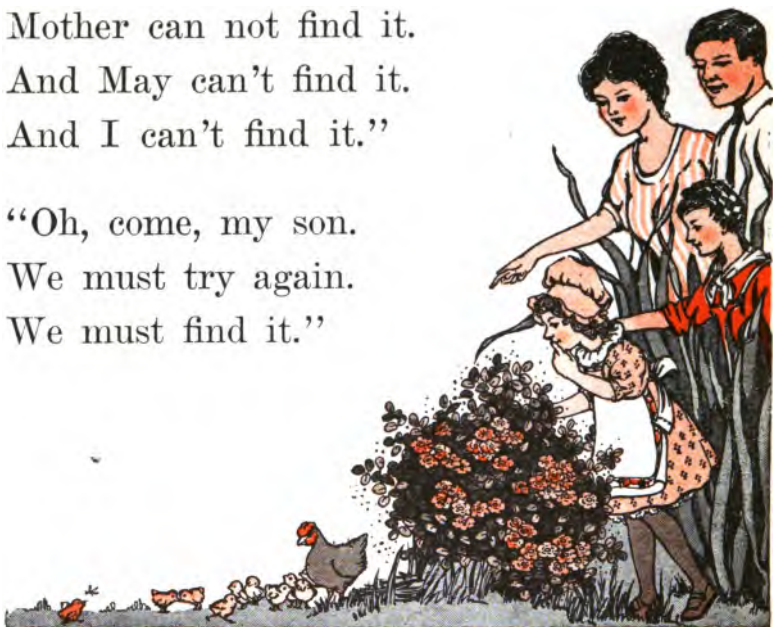
"Where can that nest be?" asked mother.

"Yes, where can it be?" asked John.



When father came home, John said: "Father,  
Buff has a nest, but no one can find it.  
Mother can not find it.  
And May can't find it.  
And I can't find it."

"Oh, come, my son.  
We must try again.  
We must find it."



Then father and mother and John and  
May went to find Buff's nest.  
"Did you look in the corn-field, my son?"  
"No, father. I have not looked there."  
"Well then, we will all look in the corn-  
field. Her nest may be there."  
So they all went to the corn-field.

They looked and looked for a long time.

But they could not find Buff's nest.

"What can we do?" said John.

Just then mother said, "Listen, listen!"

Cluck, cluck. Cluck, cluck.

Peep, peep. Peep, peep. Peep, peep.

"Look, look!" said mother.

Then father and May and John looked.

There was the nest in the grass.

And there was Buff with ten little chickens.

What do you think of that?

*(Memorize)*

Cock a doodle dooooo,

My dame has lost her shoe;

Master's lost his fiddle bow,

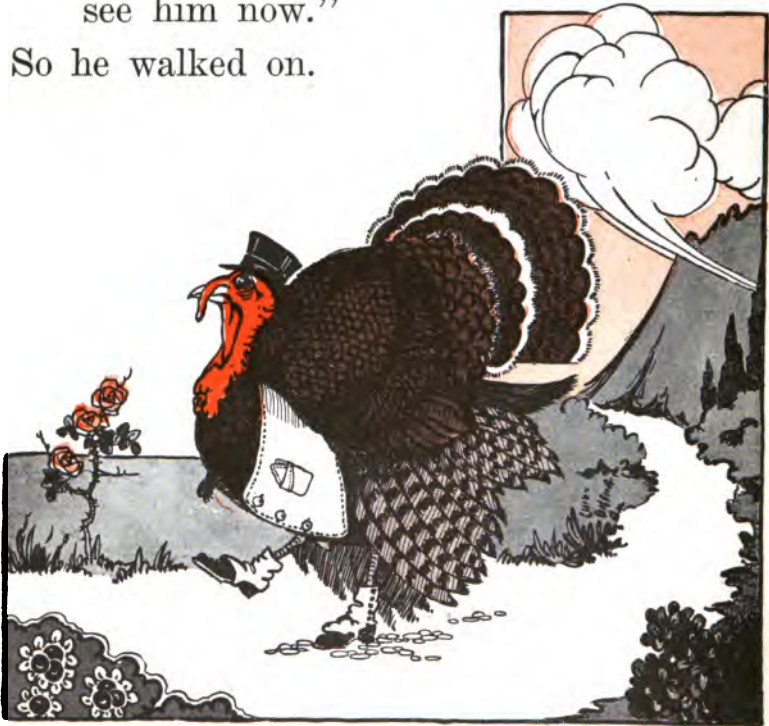
And I don't know what to dooooo.

wh	when	why	where	whack
eet	eep	eeth	eel	eek
feet	peep	teeth	feel	peek

## THE BIRDS AND THE KING

gobble      goose      stood  
turkey      waiting

Once a turkey said: "Gobble, gobble, gobble.  
I want to see the king. I will go and go.  
I will go and see the king. I will go and  
see him now."  
So he walked on.



By and by he met a rooster.  
He said, "Oh, happy rooster!  
Do you want to see the king?"  
The rooster said, "Ooo u oooo.  
I do, I do, I doooooo."  
"Then," said the turkey, "come  
with me."  
So they walked on.

They met a pretty dove.  
The turkey said, "Sweet dove.  
Do you want to see the king?"  
The dove said, "Coo, coo, coo!  
I do, I do, I dooooo!"  
"Then come with me."  
So they walked on.

Soon they met a big fat duck.  
The turkey said, "Fat duck!  
Do you want to see the king?"  
The duck said, "Quack, quack!  
I do, I do. Snick-snack!"

feast            middle            laughed            pie  
                 shall                    poor

“Then,” said the turkey, “come  
with me.”

So they walked on.

Then they met a goose.

The turkey said, “Goose, do  
you want to see the king?”

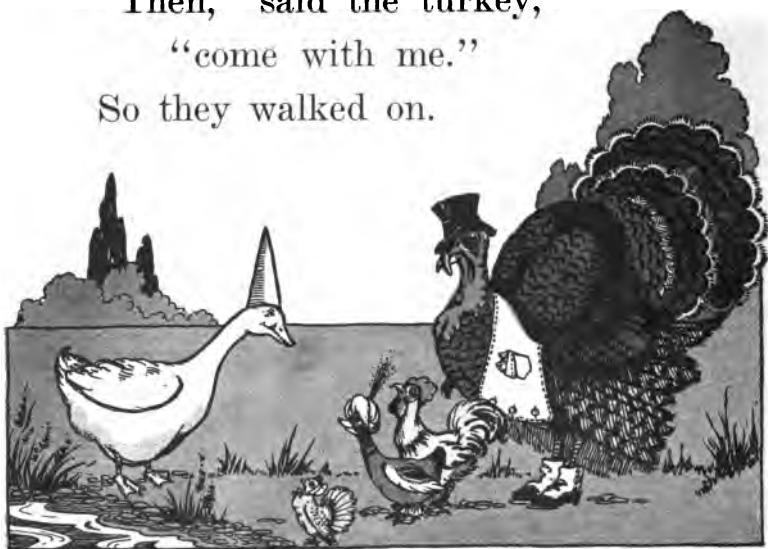
The goose said, “Th, th, th.

Yes, I do, I do, I do.”

“Then,” said the turkey,

“come with me.”

So they walked on.



By and by they came to the king's house.

The king said, "What is that I hear?"

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said the turkey.

"Ooo u oo u oooo!" said the rooster.

"Coo, coo, coo!" said the little white dove.

"Quack, quack, quack!" said the fat duck.

"Th, th, th, th!" said the goose.

When the king came to the door, the birds  
were waiting to see him.

He laughed and laughed and laughed.

He called, "Cook! Cook! Here are five  
birds for a Christmas pie."

"Oh, don't kill us," they begged.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said the turkey.

"Ooo u oo u oooo!" said the rooster.

"Coo, coo, coo!" said the little white dove.

"Quack, quack!" said the fat duck.

"Th, th, th! . Th, th, th!" said the goose.

Then the good king said, "Poor little  
birds. Do not cry.

Cook! Cook! Bring seeds. Bring seeds.  
These pretty birds shall have a feast."

Then the happy birds made a ring.

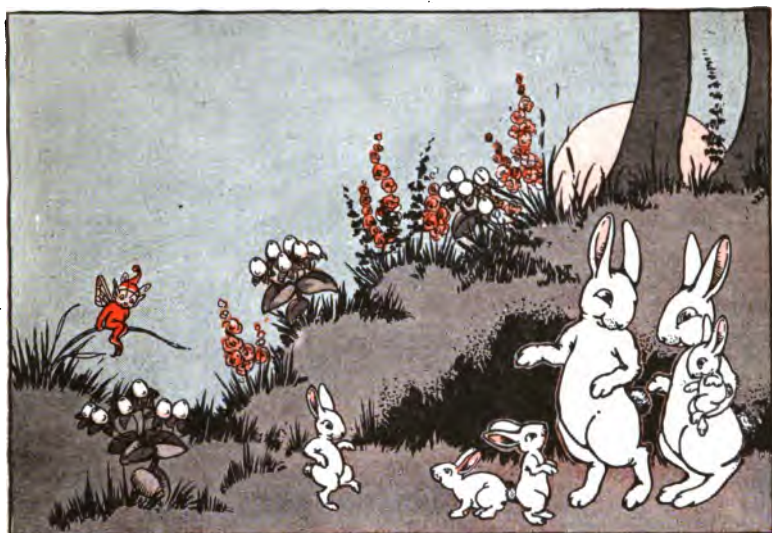
And there in the middle of the ring stood  
the king.

And the turkey and the rooster and the  
dove and the duck and the goose  
feasted at the king's house.

And they all were happy ever after.

ack	Jack	pack	snack
sn	snap	snip	snake
id	hid	kid	bid





## THE RABBIT'S NEST

ground	warm	heads
long	after	fast

Once there was a big father rabbit.  
There was a mother rabbit, too.  
They had a nest in the ground.  
The nest was warm.  
Four baby rabbits were in that nest.  
Father rabbit said to mother rabbit,  
“My dear, we must keep very still.  
The big dogs are looking for us.”



The four baby rabbits said: "Oh, oh, oh!  
Oh, oh, oh! Mother, mother! What  
shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Put down your heads," mother rabbit said.

"The dogs may see your long ears. Father  
will watch for us."

Then mother rabbit and the baby rabbits  
were still, so still.

They could hear the dogs barking.

"Oh, mother!" said the little rabbits.

"The dogs are coming! The dogs are  
coming! They will catch us!"

"Sh, sh," said mother rabbit. "Keep still."

Then father rabbit gave a big jump.

Away he went. He went over the hills.

The dogs went after him.

How father rabbit ran. He ran and ran.

He jumped and jumped and jumped.

"Ou, ou, ou!" said the dogs. And they  
ran after him.



But father rabbit ran too fast for them.  
He led them away from his nest.

Mother rabbit peeped out.

She said: "They can never catch him.

Go to sleep, little dears. Go to sleep.

The nest is a good place for you."

That night when father rabbit came home  
he told mother rabbit and the baby  
rabbits about his long run.

ace	race	place	face
ground	ound	sound	found

## FEEDING THE BABY

fur      bone      arms      foot  
          better      clover

May's baby brother was asleep on the grass.  
 "When he awakes he will want something  
   to eat," said May. "I know he will.  
 What shall I feed him?  
 Let me think."



"Tweet, tweet! Eat, eat!" sang the bird  
   in the tree.

"Yes, what shall the baby eat?" asked May.  
 "Eat, eat, eat," sang the bird again.

“Just what my babies eat.  
Give him a fat little bug.”  
“No, no! No, no!” said May.  
“That will never, never do.”

Then Rover, the dog, came up.  
“No, no!” said Rover. “No, no!  
Give him a fine bone, May.  
That will make him grow big.”  
“Why, Rover! Rover!  
Baby could never eat a bone.”

“No, indeed!” buzzed the bee.  
“A bone would never do.  
He is such a dear little fellow.  
Give him something sweet.  
Give him honey, little May.  
Give him clover honey.”

“Cluck, cluck!” said the hen.  
“Give him corn. Give him corn.  
Corn is better than honey.

I give my babies corn. They like corn.  
 Can't you give him some corn, little May?"  
 "No, no! That will never do."



Then kitty came up.

"Meow, meow!" said kitty.

She rubbed her soft fur on baby's foot.

"Give him a fat rat, little May.

A fat rat is good for my babies."

"Oh no; no, no! That will never do!

You do not know what he needs, kitty."

"Coo, coo, coo," said the dove. "Coo, coo.  
 Give him seeds, give him seeds."

Let him eat some good little seeds.  
 That is what my babies like to eat.  
 Coo, coo, coo! Seeds are best of all.”  
 “No, no!” said May again, “that will  
 never, never do.”

“Moo, moo, moo,” called the cow.  
 “Milk is good for my baby.  
 Give him milk. Give him milk.  
 All babies like milk, little May.”

Just then baby laughed, and mother  
 came to get her little boy.  
 She took him in her arms.  
 “Has my baby boy had a long nap?  
 Little sister, bring the milk.  
 Bring the warm milk.  
 The good cow knows best.  
 The milk is for my baby boy.”

ow	grow	snow	bow	show
ug	bug	hug	rug	jug



## THE SKY

above          dipper          moon

Blow out the candle, little sister.  
 Now come to the window with me.  
 See the new moon. How big it looks.  
 It is in the sky just above the hill.  
 How bright the moon looks to-night.  
 I see the moon and the moon sees me.

Do you like me, pretty moon?

Do you like a good little boy?

Now look at the stars, sister.

How many stars do you see?

Can you find the Big Dipper?

Can you find the Little Dipper?

Can you find the Milky Way?

Look, look! What is that?

That is a falling star, little sister.

We must go to bed, now.

Good night, dear moon, good night.

Good night, pretty stars.

Good night to all. Good night.

*(Memorize)*

Star light, star bright,

First star I've seen to-night.

I wish I may, I wish I might

Have the wish I wish to-night.

sp	spoon	space	spill	spin
ar	far	car	bar	star





## A FLYING LESSON

afraid      beautiful      right

“No, I can never fly,” said the baby bird.

“Let me stay here. I like my warm nest.”

“Oh yes, you can fly,” said the mother.

“All birds can learn to fly.

You must try. You must learn to fly.

Come now, little dear. Hop up on the nest.”

“No, no, mother. I can not fly.  
I do not want to fly.  
I am afraid! I am afraid!”

“Come, come. You must try.  
See my pretty wings.  
See how beautiful they are.  
See how I can fly.”

Then the mother bird flew up  
into the tall tree.  
Soon she flew back to the nest.  
“That was beautiful,” she said.  
“I saw the big trees.  
I saw the green hills.  
Oh, how I like to fly!  
Come now! Fly with mother!”

“No, no! I am afraid!” said the  
baby bird. “I can not fly.”  
“Do not be afraid. Be a big, big  
bird. Big birds can fly.”

Sit up on the nest. That is right, dear.  
 Now show me your pretty wings.  
 Oh, oh! Try again. You will not fall.  
 Do not be afraid. You will fly this time.  
 That is better, little bird. Now come with  
 mother.

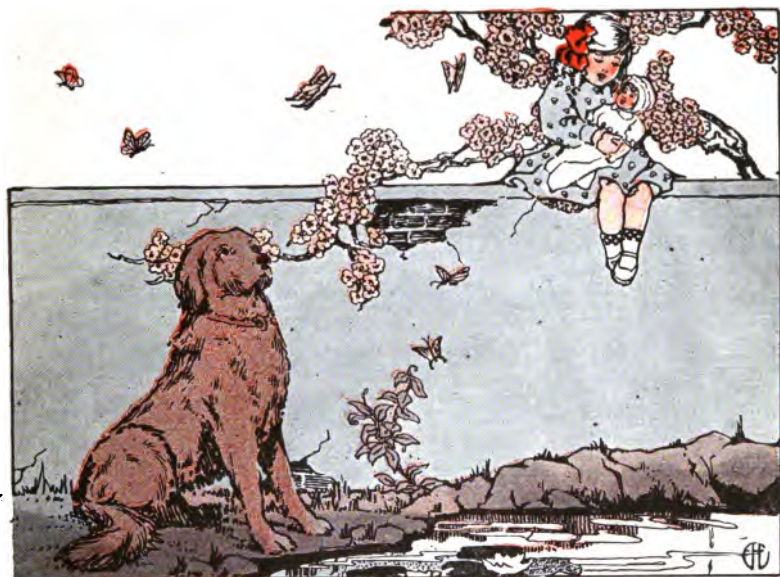
Away we go. Away-we go. Away we go."

Then the mother bird flew to the ground.  
 The baby bird flew to the ground, too.  
 "Isn't this beautiful?" said the mother.  
 And the baby bird said: "I like that.  
 I like to fly. Oh, how I like to fly."

*(Memorize)*

If a task is once begun,  
 Never leave it till it's done;  
 Be the labor great or small  
 Do it well or not at all.

ew	new	blew	stew	flew
ail	pail	tail	fail	bail



## THE BRAVE DOG

mouth      song      another

A little girl sat on a high wall.  
The wall was near the deep water.  
The little girl was happy.  
She was as happy as a bird.  
She had her little doll in her arms.  
She was singing a pretty song.  
She sang a song to her little doll.

Just then she slipped and fell into the deep water.

“Help! Help! Help! Help!” she cried.

A big brave dog saw the little girl fall.

He was not afraid. He ran to help.

He jumped into the deep water. He came up with the little girl in his mouth.

He took her out of the water. Brave dog!

The men patted the big dog.

They said, “Brave dog, to save the little girl.”



Just then the dog jumped  
into the water again.

“Look, look!” said the men.

“What do you think he wants?

He is in the deep water.”

Did another little girl slip?

What is in the water?

Here he comes up.

What is in his mouth?

Is it another little girl?

No, no! It is not.

Is it the little girl’s hat?

No, no! It is not that.

What can it be then?

Do you not see?

It is the little girl’s doll.

Yes, yes! he has saved that, too.

Brave dog! Brave dog!

ump	jump	lump	dump	stump
ave	save	cave	wave	brave

## THE OWL

any            thing            beauty

This is an owl. See his big round eyes.  
Do not be afraid of him.

The owl can not see you in the daytime.  
See his feet. He can catch rabbits and  
birds with them.



He takes birds to his nest with his feet.  
You can not see his ears, but he has them.  
Are they like the ears of mother mouse?  
This owl lives in a tree, but some owls do  
not. Some owls live in the ground.

One day Will and Tom went to the woods.

“What is that I hear?” asked Will. “It is in this tree. But I can’t see it.”

“Some one is calling,” said Tom. “Listen. There, he is calling again.”

“Who, who, who! Who, who, who! Who, who, who!”

“What can it be? What does he want?”

“We must find out what it is,” said Tom.

Tom was a brave boy and was not afraid of anything.

“Who are you and what do you want?” he called. “Tell us what you want.”

“Who, who, who!” came from the tree again.

Then Will began to laugh.

“Oh, look,” said he. “See that big fellow up there.

Isn’t he a beauty? Yes, and look at the little owls near him.”

High up in the tree sat a big brown owl.





Near the old owl sat four little owls.

“Let us take them home,” said Will.

“No, we must not take them home.

They are happy in the tree.”

And the old owl said, “Who, who, who!”

Tom laughed and said, “I think so too,  
too, too! I think so too!”

em	them	hem	gem	stem
fl	float	flat	flop	fling

## THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving	hard	send	work
Mrs. Brown	pair	kissed	every

It was Thanksgiving day.

Mother said, "Come children. What would you like to do this Thanksgiving day?"

"I know, I know!" said Tom.

"Let us take a big box. Let us fill the box with good things.

Then let us take it to good Mrs. Brown."

"Yes," said mother. "Mrs. Brown works hard all day.

She has two little children to care for."

"May we put in a few toys for her two little children?" asked Grace.

"I think they would like a good game.

May we put in the Fishing Game? All children like that game."

"Yes," said mother. "They will like that."

“May we send them some of the big red apples, mother?” asked Tom.

“I know they will like the good apples. All the boys and girls at school like our big red apples.”

The children brought the box. They soon began to fill it. Baby helped, too.

They put in a warm dress for Mrs. Brown.



They put in a good coat for her little girl.  
 They put in a coat and a pair of shoes for  
 her little boy.

They put in many other nice things, too.  
 Can you think what other nice things they  
 put in the box?

When everything was in the box, they  
 sent it to Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown and her two little children  
 were as happy as happy could be.

They had some of the apples for dinner.

When Grace kissed her mother goodnight, she  
 said, "This has been such a happy day."

Mother said, "We made Mrs. Brown's  
 children happy and that made us  
 happy, too."

"I think Thanksgiving day is the best day  
 of all the year," said Grace.

sm	small	smell	smile	smack
ank	tank	bank	crank	thank

## GUESSING GAMES

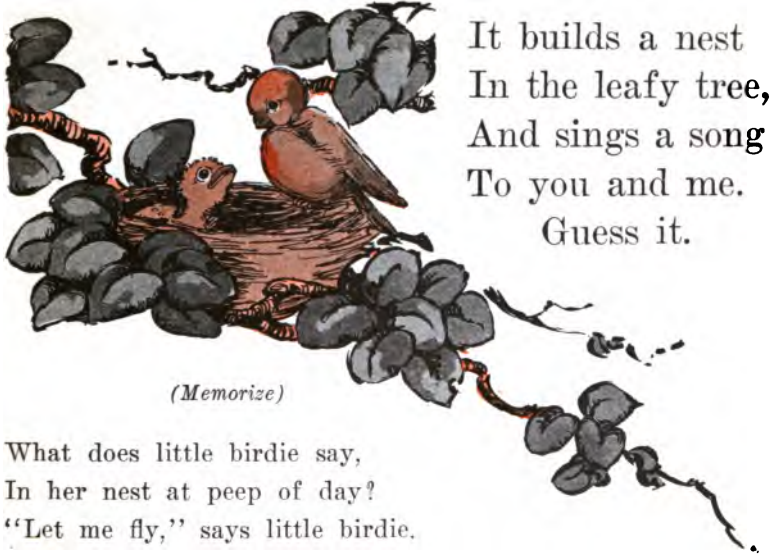
climbs                builds                children

It shines and shines  
 In the sky so blue,  
 And wakes the birds  
 And the children, too.  
 Guess it.

When the sky is clear,  
 On a cold, cold night,  
 It climbs the hills  
 And gives us light.  
 Guess it.

It floats in the sky,  
 And brings the rain  
 To the pretty flowers  
 And the growing grain.  
 Guess it.

ain	rain	grain	pain	plain
ine	wine	dine	shine	mine



It builds a nest  
In the leafy tree,  
And sings a song  
To you and me.  
Guess it.

*(Memorize)*

What does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
"Let me fly," says little birdie.  
"Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.  
So she rests a little longer.  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
"Let me rise and fly away."

Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away.

—Tennyson



## MORE GUESSING GAMES

plant      fire      ladder      done      plow



Who lives in a mine  
From sun to sun  
To keep us warm  
When our work is done?  
Can you tell?

Who plows the land  
And sows the wheat  
And plants the corn  
That we may eat?  
Can you tell?

Who rocks and rides -  
 On the waves that dip  
 To bring us food  
 On the big, big ship?  
 Can you tell?

Who comes with the ladder  
 And big cart, too,  
 To put out the fire  
 For me and for you?  
 Can you tell?



pr  
ow

pray  
plow

prow  
how

prop  
now

prank  
row

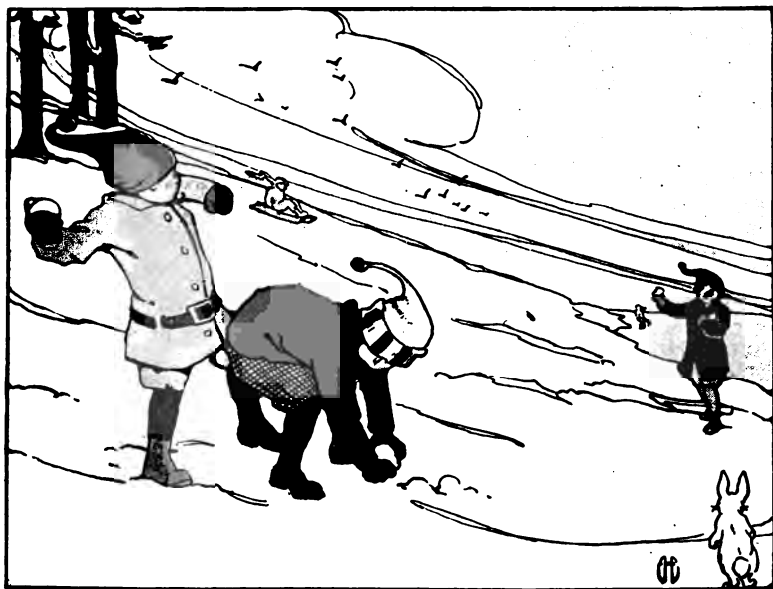


## WINTER

winter    soft    sometimes    great

Do you like the winter? Yes I like the  
good old winter.

Just think of the things I can do then.



When the snow comes I can make snow  
balls. That is great fun.

I like to hit the boys with the big soft  
snow balls. They like to hit me, too.

Winter time is a good time for skating.

I have a pair of skates. I like to skate on  
the ice. John and Alice do, too.

Sometimes we have a skating party. We  
skim over the ice like birds.

I like the cold wind. I like to feel it.

It makes my cheeks red and my hands cold.

But I am not afraid of the cold. I like it.

What do I do on winter nights?

On winter nights I sit by the fire and read  
my pretty story books.

Sometimes father reads to mother and me.

Sometimes we crack nuts, and sometimes  
we pop corn.

Sometimes we bake apples in the big fire-  
place. We all like that.

Oh, yes! I like the good old winter time.

sk	skate	skip	skim	skill
ire	fire	mire	wire	tire

## THE LAZY BOY

without      twenty      lazy      hoe  
answered                      only

“I do not like to work,” said a little boy.

“I like to play all day.

I do not like to dig the ground. I do not  
like to weed the garden.”

“Ho, ho, ho!” laughed the big round sun.

“So you do not like to work. Well, well!



How funny that is. How funny that is.  
Here is a pretty bee going by, little boy.  
Ask the bee if it likes to work."

"Do you like to work, little bee?" asked  
the boy.

"Buzz, buzz!" sang the bee. "Buzz, buzz!  
Do I like to work? Why do I get up in  
the morning?

Why do I fly away before you are up?  
What would the baby bees have to eat if  
I did not work?

Do you like honey, little boy?  
What would the pretty flowers do without  
me? Can you tell me that?

I will not talk to a lazy boy. I have work  
to do. I must get honey for the babies."  
And the bee flew away.

Then the sun said: "The bee likes to work,  
little boy.

But ask that pretty bird in that big tree."



“Oh!” said the boy. “A little bird does not have any work to do.

I know a little bird does not like to work.”

“Tweet, tweet,” sang the bird from the tree. “Tweet, tweet, tweet!

Do I like to work? Did you see that bug?

I worked all morning to catch him for my babies. Did you see my babies eat him?

Do not ask me if I like to work.

I will not talk to a lazy boy any more.

I have work to do. Tweet, tweet, tweet!"  
And the little bird flew away, singing.

Then the sun said, "The bird likes to work,  
little boy. How it likes to work!  
But ask that old horse standing under that  
tree. He will tell you."

The boy answered, "That horse has not  
worked for a long time.

I know he does not like to work."

"Did you say that I did not like to work?"  
asked the horse.

"My dear boy, I have worked all my life.  
Do you see that field?

I have plowed that field for twenty years.

I have helped to make that big house.

I have helped to make that big barn.

Now I am old and can rest under this tree.

Do not ask me if I like to work.

dw      dwell      dwelling      dweller

I will not talk to a lazy boy any more.”  
And the horse walked away.

“What do you think of that?” asked the  
sun. “The horse likes to work.”

The boy answered, “I have no time to talk  
to you now.

I must get my hoe and my rake and weed  
this garden. Good-by.”

The big round sun only said “Good-by,”  
but his face was very bright.

Soon he saw a happy little boy  
working in the garden.





## A MARCHING LESSON

march      ready      lead      soldiers

I am a soldier brave.

These are my men.

Three, six, nine in line.

And the drummer boy is ten.

How many rows do I have?

Can you tell me?

Yes, I can tell you.

You have three rows.

Three boys are in each row.



Three, six, nine in line.

And the drummer boy is ten.

The soldier boys can keep step.

Left, left. Left, right, left!

This is the way we march.

Tramp! Tramp! Here we go.

Tramp! Tramp! In a row.

Tramp! Tramp! Keep in line.

Tramp! Tramp! Soldiers nine.

Halt!

Who will lead the line now?

Who will be the drummer boy?

Ready! March!

Tramp! Tramp! Here we go!

Tramp! Tramp! In a row!

Tramp! Tramp! Keep in line.

Tramp! Tramp! Soldiers nine.

drummer	summer	winner	dinner
tramp	champ	stamp	lamp

## A DAY IN THE CITY

city      bears      swan      monkeys

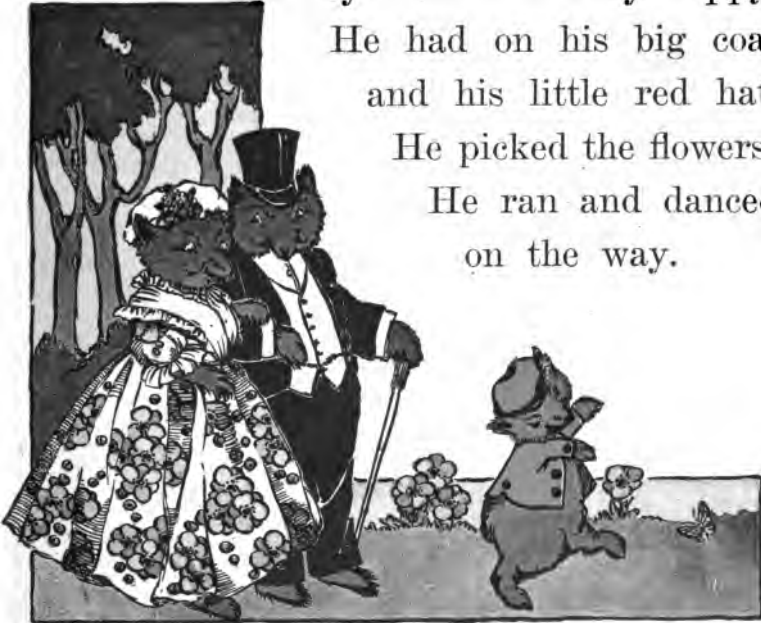
Once upon a time, Father Bear said,  
"Come, my dears. Let us go to the city."  
"Very well," said the Mother Bear.  
"Very well," peeped the Baby Bear.  
Soon the three bears walked out of the  
woods on their way to the big city.

Baby Bear was very happy.

He had on his big coat  
and his little red hat.

He picked the flowers.

He ran and danced  
on the way.



By and by they came to the great city.

They walked up the street.

“See all the pretty things in this window,”  
said the Mother Bear.

“And see the toys,” said the Baby Bear.

“Father, will you buy a horn for me?”



Then the bears walked on. Soon they came  
to the city park.

It was beautiful in the park. They could  
hear the band playing.

They could see the soldiers marching.

They took a ride on the Merry Go Round.

Then they went to feed the monkeys in the  
big cage.

After lunch Mother Bear took a ride on  
the beautiful lake.

She sat on the back of a big white swan.

Baby Bear went down the slide.

When the day was over the bears walked  
home.

“We have had a good time in the city  
today,” they said. “Some time we will  
go to the city again.”

cage	park	lunch	hide
rage	lark	bunch	slide

## MAKING BUTTER

cream                  salt                  churn

The good cow gives milk. Mother puts  
the milk in little pans.

When the milk cools, the cream comes  
to the top.

Why does the cream come to the top?  
Because cream is lighter than milk.

Mother skims off the cream. Then she  
puts it in the churn.

She churns and churns the cream.

Soon we can see the lumps of butter  
in the milk.

Then mother takes the butter out.

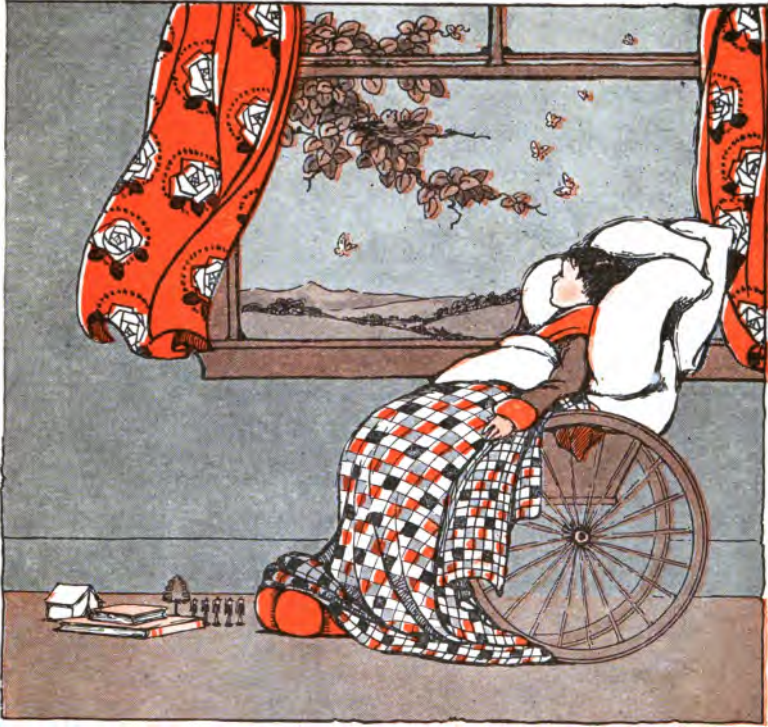
She works it into little balls.

She does not forget to salt it.

She puts it on a pretty dish.

She says, "We must thank the good  
cow for this butter."

ut                  but                  hut                  nut                  rut



## THE CITY BOY

country      James      sea      calf

James was a little city boy. He had been ill a long time.

At last he went to the country to get well. James could not go out to play. He lay all day in a big chair by the window.

street      roads      pony      much

He could look out upon the green fields.

He could see the blue sky. He could see  
the pretty water in the brook.

In a tree by the window a bird had a nest.  
The bees and butterflies came near the  
window. Squirrels played in the trees.

One morning a country boy and girl came  
to see James. Little Fat Pig came, too.



James said, "I know you can tell me many things about the country, John.

Where does the water go, the pretty blue water that I see from this window?"

"That water goes to the sea. It comes from the snow on the hills."

"This morning I saw a little baby cow. The baby cow did not have horns. Can you tell me why, John?"

"What you saw was a calf. A calf does not have horns.

When it grows older it will have horns."

"From my window I see two baby sheep."

"We do not call them sheep," said the little country boy. "They are lambs."

"I am glad to learn that," said James. "I never saw a lamb before."

"I see you do not know much about the country," said John. "I will tell you all I can about it.

I think you will like the country, James."



stronger      slowly      needles  
lion      rode

“Can you tell me, John, why the grass is put in a pile when it is cut?”

“When grass is cut we call it hay. That is a hay stack in the field.”

“Is it? I am glad to know that, too.”

“When you are better, I will take you for a ride,” said John.

“Oh, thank you. I can walk to the street soon. It will be fun to take a ride.”

“We do not call it a street in the country. We call it a road. Our country roads are beautiful. I think you will like them.”

“We call them streets in the City.”

Day by day little James grew stronger.

One morning John rode up on his pony.

He stopped under the window just as James came over to see who was going by.

"Can you come for a ride today, James?"

"Yes, I can go. But I must not go far."

The boys went slowly down the road.

The birds were singing, and the squirrels  
and rabbits were playing.

"This is my first ride," said James. "Oh  
I think the country is so beautiful."



“How can you tell the names of the trees?”

“I can tell by the leaves,” said John.

“Oh, see that big tall tree with the long needles. What tree is that?”

“That is the beautiful pine tree. I like the pine tree best,” said John.

“You are so kind to me,” said James. “You have made me happy in the country. When I am well you must come to the city. I will show you many things.

I like the country, and I want you to like the city.

I will take you to the park. You can feed the monkeys there.

You will see the big lion in his cage.

And then I will take you to a big ball game. I know you will like that.”

pile	while	mile	stile
reach	teach	peach	beach

## THE INDIAN

wigwam                  hole                  grinds

This is an Indian's home. He calls his  
home a wigwam.

The Indian knows how to plant corn.

He puts little fish in a deep hole.

Then he puts in the corn. The corn grows  
and grows and grows.

You can see how the Indian mother grinds  
the corn. She grinds and grinds.

Then she makes it into bread.

Do you like corn bread?

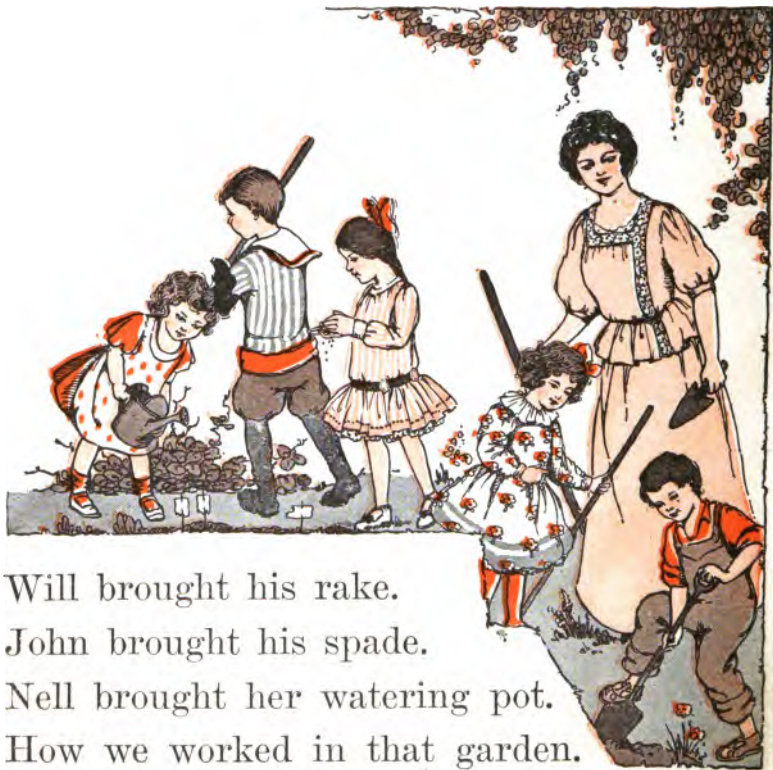
spring                  spray                  spry  
dance                  prance                  lance



## OUR GARDEN

turned      tulip      beets      thought  
daffodils                      summer

One day the teacher asked us if we would  
like to make a garden at school.  
We all thought that would be great fun.



Will brought his rake.  
John brought his spade.  
Nell brought her watering pot.  
How we worked in that garden.

We dug up the ground. We turned it over and over, and we raked and raked.

At last the ground was ready for the seeds.

"I want daffodils in my garden," said Nell.

"I want tulips in my garden," said Mary.

"Let the girls have the flowers if they want them," said the boys.

"We will plant corn and beets in our garden. Corn and beets are good to eat."

When spring came, the girls had beautiful flowers in their garden.

Some flowers were yellow and some were red and some were white.

The girls picked the pretty flowers. They put them in little red baskets.

Then they took them home.

Mother said: "How beautiful these flowers are. We will give some to grandma.

We will put some of them on the table."

bare      fare      care      stare

When summer came the boys said: "Just  
see these big ears of corn.

And see these beets. How good they look."

The boys put the corn and beets in a big  
basket. Then they took them home.

Father said: "These ears of corn are good  
to eat. And so are these beets.

We will have some of them on the table for  
dinner. I am glad you made a garden.

My boys are very good farmers."

night	right	fight	sight
bl	black	bleat	blank



## THE WAX CANDLE

golden world lifted tallow  
across lonely

Once upon a time a beautiful wax candle lived in a big house on a big hill.

It sat in a golden candlestick on a beautiful table and it thought itself the most beautiful candle in the world.

But it must have been very lonely, for it lived in this big room all by itself.

One night when it was burning brightly and thinking how beautiful it was, it saw another candle shining in a little brown house across the street.

There was a window in the little house.

As it was open the beautiful wax candle lifted its head a bit and peeped in.

"Dear me," it said. "What a bare room. No rugs on the floor, no pictures on the walls and no golden candlestick at all."

---



sputtering      bowl      happier

“I’m glad I don’t live there. If I were that tallow candle, I would not shine in such a place! I would go out!”

Now the tallow candle did not see the wax candle looking at it! Soon it began to dance and to shine brighter than ever!

“Here they come! Here they come!” it said, sputtering with joy.

Just then the door opened! A little boy and a little girl came in, each with a bowl of bread and milk! They came up to the tallow candle and smiled! Its bright light fell upon their happy faces!

Then the mother came and put her arms around her little girl and her little boy!

ou	our	sour	flour
ax	wax	tax	flax
himself	herself	itself	

“How bright our room is to-night,” she said/ “And how happy we are here!”

And the wax candle in its golden candlestick said/ “Dear me, I have never seen so beautiful and so bright a light/ The tallow candle is happier than I am after all!”



(Dramatize)

Dear little blossoms,  
Down under the snow,  
You must be weary  
Of winter, I know.

Hark! while I sing you  
A message of cheer,  
Summer is coming  
And springtime is here.

Little white snow-drop,  
I pray you, arise.  
Bright yellow crocus,  
Come open your eyes.

Sweet little violet  
Hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantle  
Of purple and gold.

Daffodils, daffodils,  
Say, do you hear?  
Summer is coming  
And springtime is here.

—Emily H. Miller



*(Memorize)*

Oh, dandelion yellow as gold,  
What do you do all day?

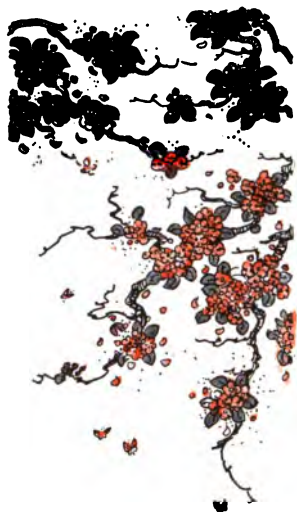
I just wait here in the tall  
green grass,  
Till the children come to play.

Oh, dandelion yellow as gold,  
What do you do all night?

I wait and wait till the cool  
dews fall  
And my hair grows long and  
white.

And what do you do when  
your hair is white  
And the children come to play?

They take me up in their  
dimpled hands  
And blow my hair away.



## THE POT OF GOLD

A farmer was about to die.

He knew that his boys were lazy, so he called to them and said: "Boys, there is on this farm a pot of gold. Dig for it and find it."

When the farmer was dead, the lazy boys went to work. They dug and they dug.

Day by day they looked for the pot of gold. But they could not find it.

Still they dug and they dug, until they had dug up the ground all over the farm.

Then they said: "We can not find the pot of gold. But now that the ground is dug, we will plant corn."

When the summer was over, the boys took the corn to the mill.

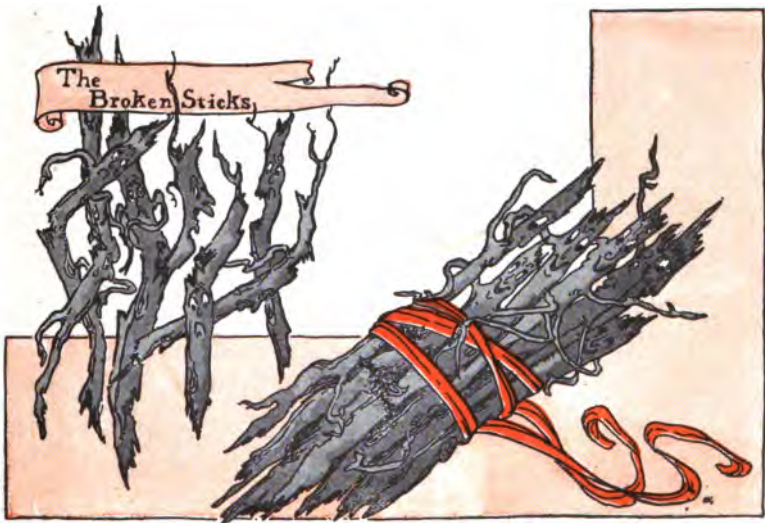
The miller said: "I have never seen such corn before. Here is your gold. I have kept it in this pot for many a year."

"Please give the sticks to me," said the father. He took the sticks, one by one, from the bunch, and one by one he began to break them.

"Oh!" said the sons, "we could do it in that way, too."

"You are right, my boys. If the sticks are bound together, no one can break them.

"Keep together and be happy. Work together and be strong. Look at these poor sticks. You may learn much from them."







## THE THREE PIGS

Once upon a time three pigs went for a walk. They walked and they walked.

By and by they sat down to rest.

Then Big Pig said with a grunt, grunt, grunt, "I want to make a house."

And Middle Pig said with a grunt, grunt, grunt, "I want to make a house."

And Little Pig said with a wee little grunt, "I want to make a house."

Then all the pigs said, "Let's get to work." And away they went.

Big Pig made his house of hay. When it was done he sat down to rest. Soon a wolf came along.

"Ah! Here is a little house in the woods," he said. "I'll walk up to the door and see for myself."

First he gave a wee little tap. Tap, tap, tap. But Big Pig, inside, sat still.

Then he gave a big, big tap. Tap, tap, tap! But Big Pig, inside, sat still.

Then he called, "Big Pig, Big Pig, you let me in."

"No," said Big Pig, "I'll not."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in. Gr—r."

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in.

And that was the end of poor Big Pig.



Now Middle Pig made his house of wood.

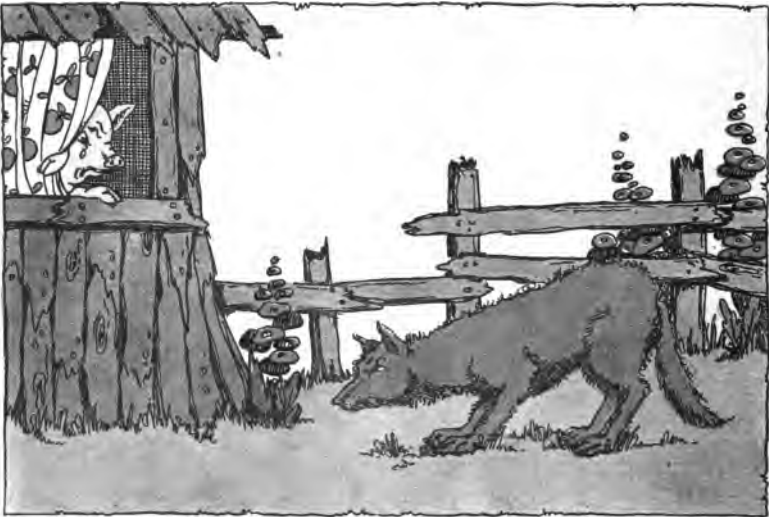
And when it was done he sat down to rest by the window.

Soon the big, bad wolf came along.

“Ah,” he said. “Here is a little house of wood. I’ll walk up to the door and see for myself.”

First he gave a wee little tap. Tap, tap, tap. But Middle Pig, inside, sat still.

Then he gave a big, big tap. Tap, tap, tap! But Middle Pig, inside, sat still.



Then he called, "Middle Pig, Middle Pig, you let me in."

"No!" said Middle Pig, "I'll not."

And he kept on rocking by the window.

"Gr—r! Gr—r!" said the wolf.

"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in.

And that was the end of poor Middle Pig.

Now Little Pig made his house of brick.

When it was done he sat down to rest.

Soon the big, bad wolf came along.

"Ah!" he said. "Here is a little house of brick. I'll walk up to the door and see for myself."

First he gave a wee little tap. Tap, tap, tap. Then he called, "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in."

"No," said the little pig, "I'll not."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in. Gr—r! I'll eat you up. You'll see, Little Pig. You'll see."

"Go away," called Little Pig. "I know what you have come for. Go away!"

"I'll eat you up. Gr—r!" said the wolf.

Then he huffed and he puffed. He huffed and he puffed, but he could not blow the brick house in.

He must think of some other way to get that little pig.

The next day he came again. "Oh, Little Pig! I know where there are some nice red apples. Would you like some?"

"Yes!" said Little Pig. "I like red apples. Where are they?"

"In Mr. Smith's field. Be ready in the morning at six o'clock and I will show you where they are."

"Oh, yes!" laughed Little Pig. "I'll be ready."



The next day the big, bad wolf came at six o'clock to get Little Pig.

"Are you ready, Little Pig? Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes!" said Little Pig. "I was ready long ago. I went at five o'clock. I could not wait for you."

Then the wolf said, "I'll eat you up for that. You'll see. I'll get you this time. I'll go up on the top of the house and come through the fireplace. You'll see, Little Pig. You'll see."

With that, he jumped up on the top of the house and came, chug, chug, right down into the fireplace, just as he had said.

But Little Pig had a great pot of hot water setting on the fire. And the wolf fell right into it, sp—lash!

So that was the end of the big, bad wolf.

But Little Pig lived happy ever after in his own brick house in the woods.

*(Memorize)*

Robins in the tree-top,  
 Blossoms in the grass,  
 Green things a-growing  
 Everywhere you pass;  
 Sudden little breezes,  
 Showers of silver dew,  
 Black bough and bent twig  
 Budding out anew;  
 Pine tree and willow-tree,  
 Fringed elm and larch,—  
 Don't you think May-time's  
 Pleasanter than March?

—Aldrich



## THE BIRTHDAY VINE

On the day John was three years old, his father said, "Come here, my little man. I have something to show you."

There under the window was a little rose vine in a brown pot.

Father said, "We will dig a hole under your window and plant the vine in it."

How happy John was. Every day he came to give the little vine a drink and to watch it grow. How fast it grew.

When John was four years old, the birthday vine could just peep in at his window.

When he was five, the brave little vine had reached the top of his window.

A red rose smiled in the sunshine and said, "Good morning. It is time to get up."

When John was seven years old, his father and mother came with him to look at the rose plant he loved so well.

"How beautiful it is," said mother. "It grows much faster than our boy. Do you not see? It has reached the top of the house. The wall is a bank of green leaves and red roses."

"And just think," said John. "My birthday vine is only four and I am seven."



## THE LAST LESSON

We have read all the stories in our First Reader. We like these stories and we have learned to read them well.

John likes the story of The Three Pigs and the story of Buff's Nest.

Alice and May like the flying lesson. May sits in the nest and plays she is the baby bird. Then Alice plays she is the mother bird and teaches May to fly.

Nell likes the story of the Hay-Ride and the story about the butterfly party. She is going to have a party in vacation.

Tom and Will like the story about the owls and the story about winter. They like to skate on the ice, and they like to go into the woods and fish.

We have had a happy time in school, but vacation is here and we must say good-by.

Good-by, dear playmates, one and all.

Good-by, dear teacher, good-by, good-by.



# Vocabulary for First Reader

8  
vacation  
fairies  
danced  
again  
around

10  
tricks  
rooster  
fence  
first  
shoe

12  
cuckoo  
swing  
very  
just  
ago

14  
pocket  
guess  
knife  
home

16  
mouse  
mice  
barn

18  
green  
grape  
leaf

20  
drives  
leaves  
high  
whoa

22  
puppies  
seat

25  
listen  
wind  
clouds  
rain

26  
something  
window

28  
before  
began  
field

30  
Dick  
cart  
draw

32  
bubbles  
break  
Alice  
soap  
pipe

34  
butterflies  
blossoms  
party

35  
clapped  
lasted

36  
basket  
woman  
market  
laid  
off

38  
stockings  
picnic  
their  
grass  
were

39  
butter  
bread  
lunch

41  
watch  
never  
yet

43  
saucers  
because  
plates  
forks  
cups

46  
flies

48  
brought  
teapot  
chairs  
once

50  
corn-field  
asked  
Buff  
son

54  
waiting  
gobble  
turkey  
goose  
stood

56  
middle  
laughed  
feast  
shall  
poor  
pie

59  
ground  
warm  
heads  
long  
after  
fast

62  
better  
clover  
bone  
arms  
foot  
fur

66  
dipper  
moon  
above

68  
beautiful  
afraid  
right

71  
another  
mouth  
song

74  
beauty  
thing  
any

77  
Thanksgiving  
Mrs. Brown  
kissed  
every  
hard  
pair  
work  
send

80  
children  
builds  
climbs

82  
ladder  
plant  
fire  
done  
plow

84  
sometimes  
winter  
soft  
great

86  
answered  
without  
twenty  
lazy  
only  
hoe

91  
soldiers  
march  
ready  
lead

93  
monkeys  
bears  
swan  
city

96  
cream  
salt  
churn

97  
country  
James  
calf  
sea

98  
street  
roads  
pony  
much

100  
stronger  
slowly  
needles  
lion<sup>\*</sup>  
rode

103  
wigwam  
grinds  
hole

104  
daffodils  
summer  
thought  
turned  
tulip  
beets

107  
golden  
lifted  
across  
lonely  
world  
tallow

108  
sputtering  
happier  
bowl

The stories on pages 112 to 125 inclusive contain no new words. These stories are specially suited to secure ease and fluency in reading.

## Phonic List for First Reader

The sounds of the following are taught during the second half of the school year:

bl	cl	cr	dr	dw	fl	fr
gl	gr	pl	pr	sc	sk	sl
sm	sn	spr	st	th	tw	wh

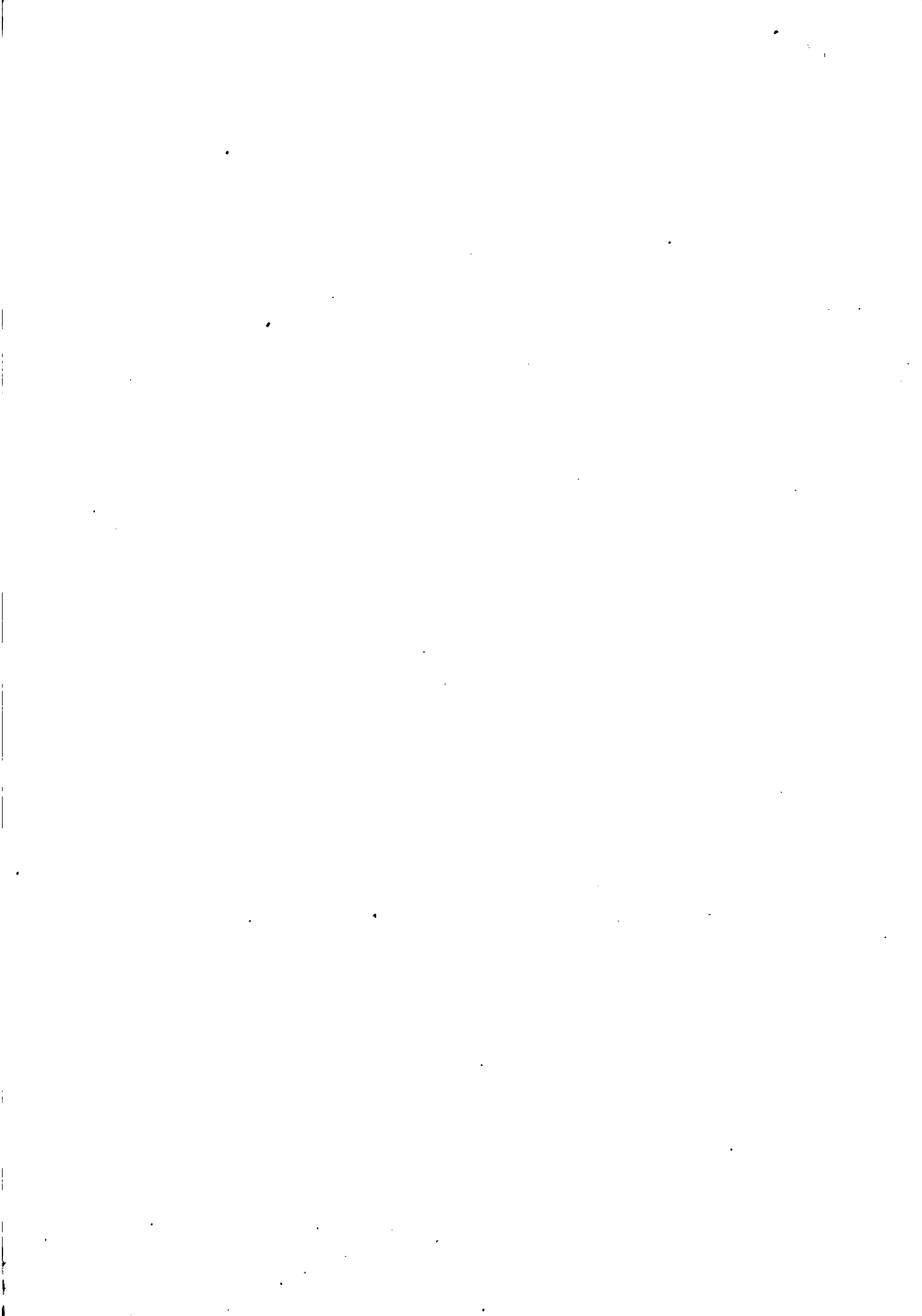
Teach also the short and long sounds of the vowels.

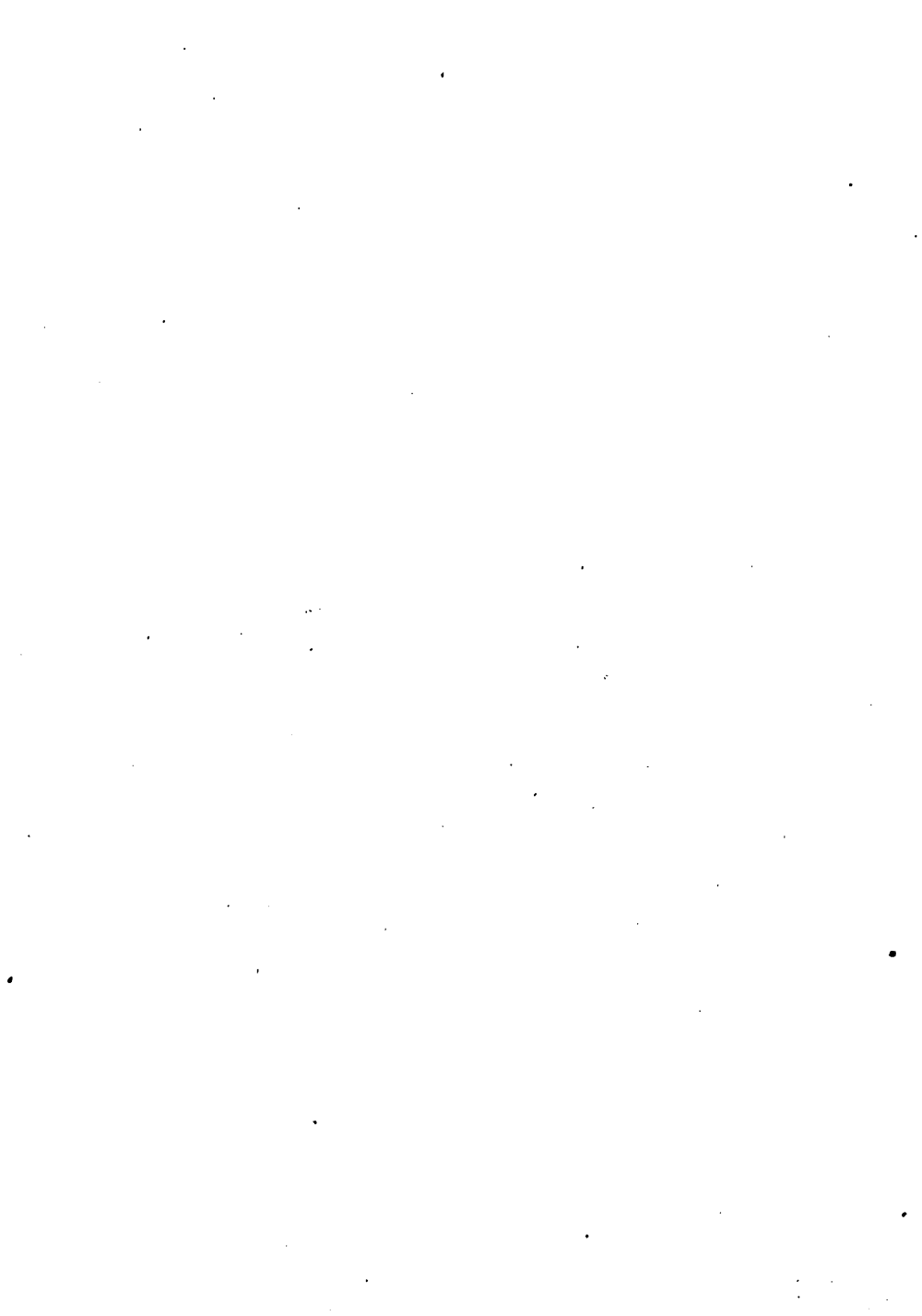
ace	ar	eet	ile	or
age	ark	em	in	our
air	atch	end	inc	out
alk	ave	ew	ip	ow
amp	each	ice	ir	ox
ance	ear	id	iro	uck
ank	eat	ig	ive	ug
ap	een	ight	oo	up

The following is offered as optional:

ain	are	ax	eeek	eeth
ite	own	ust	eel	







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